MAYFAIR

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£2.25 VOLUME 29 NUMBER 7

A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

TWO SEXY!

BI BED-MATES LORRAINE AND CLAIRE GET NAUGHTY INSIDE!

DIRTY WEEKEND!

48 HOURS OF NON-STOP SEX WITH JAYNE HASTINGS

STAR PARTS!

TOPLESS KIMBERLEY DAVIES

BOTTOMLESS EVA HERZIGOVA

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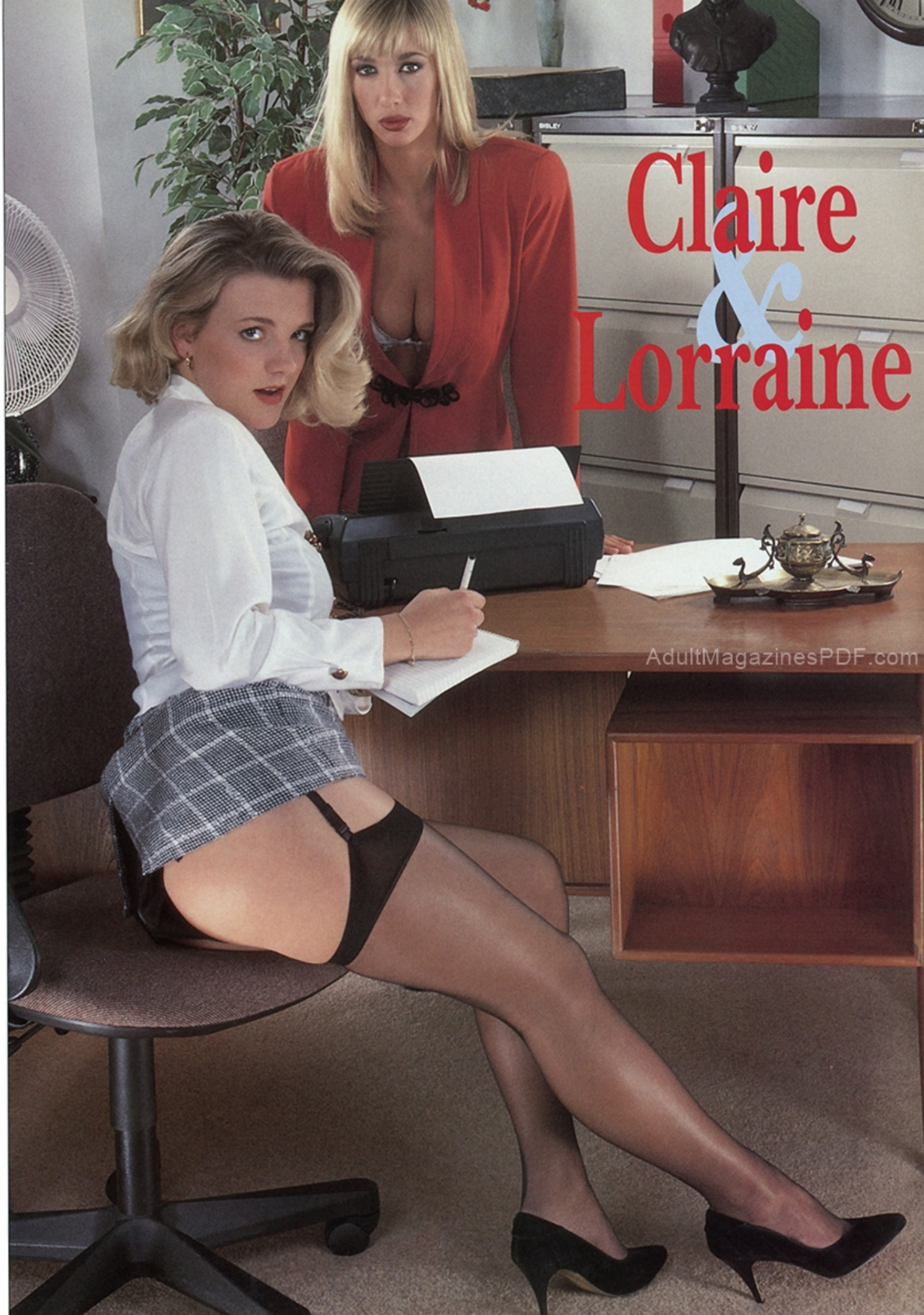
Claire
&
Lorraine
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After a few weeks living together flatmates either love or hate one another! Fortunately Claire and Lorraine, both 20, are closer than ever The Fulham girls share everything, even fellas, helping each other seduce any guy who's brave enough to come back for coffee. "No guy gets out of here without us getting what we want out of him," claims Claire (the blonde one) who moved in with Lorraine just a month ago. "If we fancy you, we'll put on our little lezzie show then be all over you. Afterwards, when you're knackered, we'll throw you in a cab and send you home!" Lorraine laughs. "We are merciless!" she says with a giggle. "So if you find yourself being chatted up by two girls who look like us, be prepared for an all-night threesome that will leave you totally drained — in every sense of the word!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

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BISLEY

BISLEY
BISLEY
MAYFAIR
GIRLS OF THE MONTH
CLAIRE & LORRAINE

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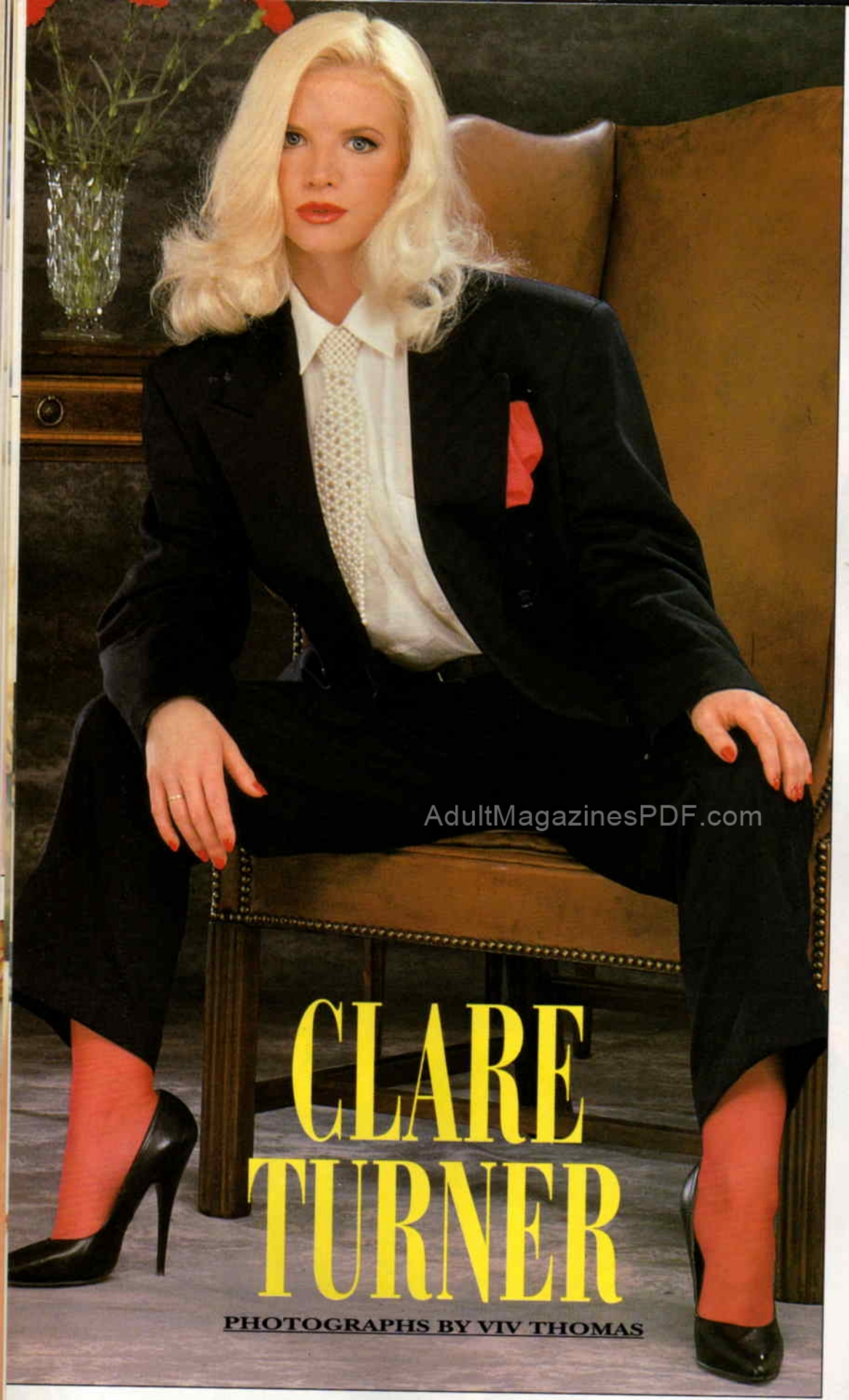
barbara

Forget your flouncy frocks and naughty undies, there is no sexier clothing than a skintight pair of jeans. So says Barbara MacDonald, our archetypal leggy blonde from Lancaster. Five foot ten with long limbs that wrap round your waist, Barbara, 18, is a leather jacket-and-jeans girl, but her choice of denim is far from casual. "My jeans cling like a second skin, hugging my bum and crotch so tight that I might as well be naked from the waist down," she says. "Walking down the street is like wriggling your bare bottom in guys' faces!" And flirting is something Barbara loves. "It's wonderful. The looks, the touches, the goodnight kisses, then a lovely slow seduction. It's amazing what a tight pair of jeans can lead to..."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENYS DEFRANCESCO



CLARE TURNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS

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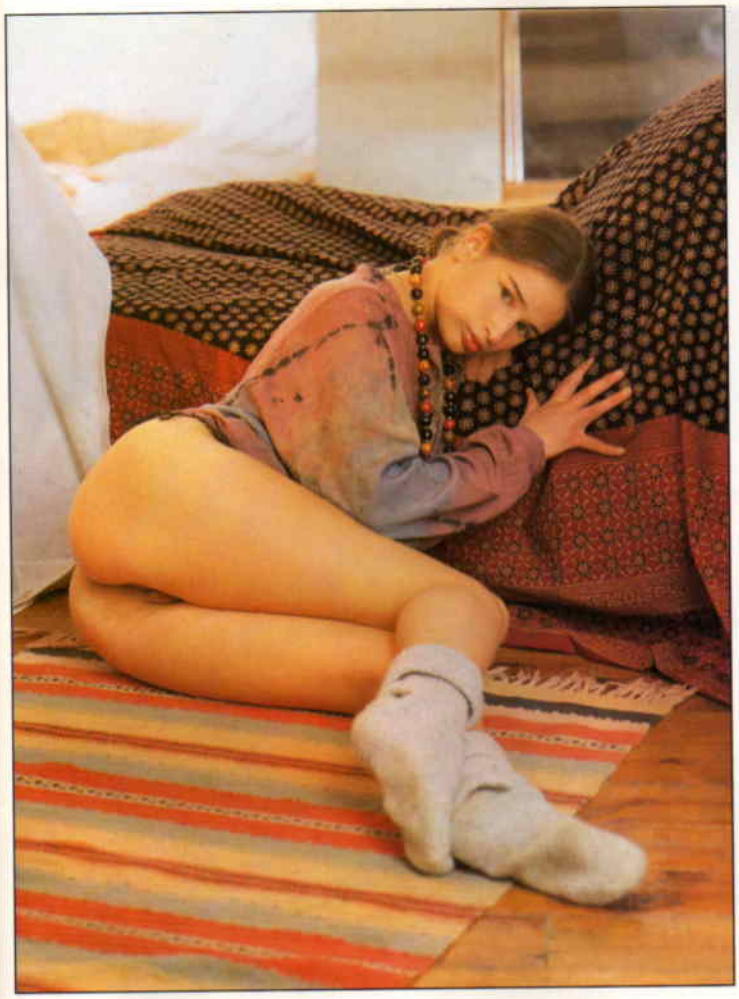
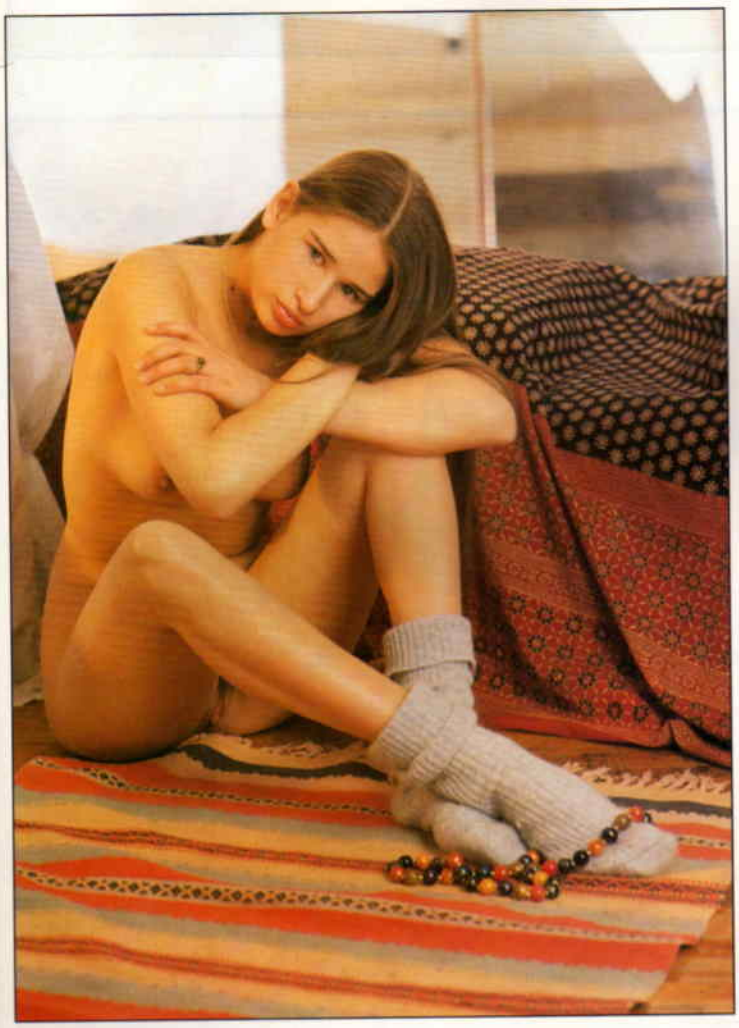
Clare Turner last appeared in *Mayfair* Vol 29 No 2 as our "Sugar and Spice" girl. If our mailbag was anything to go by, 35-23-34 Miss Turner is certainly sweet enough to add that little bit of extra spice! Clare, who can also be seen on page 18 modelling this summer's hottest silver bikini, just loves getting dressed up. "The thing is," she pointed out, "the more you've got on, the more there is to take off later! The best foreplay I know is a slow, sensual striptease, but it's funny, because I never seem to get round to taking everything off..." Ⓜ

Jessica

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB TWIGG

Jessica Bradshaw has a confession to make. "I'm lonely!" pleads the 19-year-old. "I don't like clubs with their bright lights, loud music and designer drugs. I prefer quiet nights in with a bottle of dry white wine and an equally dry-witted man. So far I've had a lot of wine but that's all." Jessica's lonely evenings in her Leeds flat are lightened by fantasies about the sort of man she would share her futon with. "Physically he could be a real wimp, so long as he has the intelligence and wit of Jeremy Paxman coupled with a caring nature." And what can Jessica offer a new loveable Paxman? "I'm extremely affectionate," she says. "I love long nights and days hugging, cuddling and kissing in bed. You know, where you just do it over and over, slowly and sensuously, rather than just a frantic screw. I don't shag. I make love — repeatedly."





Joyce

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

If you think there's something familiar about Joyce Robertson, you'd be right — her younger cousin, Rachel (see Vol 28 No 11), has been a *Mayfair* favourite for some time. "I saw all the fan mail and boyfriends Rachel was getting and decided to slip off my knickers in your magazine too," confesses Joyce. "Rachel's sex-life is like something out of a blue movie these days and I haven't had a guy in ages. But with a bit of luck things are about to change..."

KIRSTY Keating

Twenty-year-old Kirsty Keating is living testament that blondes have lots of fun. "Men are always fascinated to know whether I'm a 'natural' blonde or not, and I like to keep them guessing... I always give them a 'wouldn't you like to know' look and then wait until the last moment before peeling off my skimpy knickers and giving them an eyeful they won't forget.

"Actually, I'm thinking of patenting myself as a cure for vertigo because you'd be amazed how many men take one look at my bush and just can't wait to dive in!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY ORMESHER

michelle

tolley

Nineteen-year-old Michelle Tooley leads a double life. She looks innocent, doesn't she? But appearances can be deceptive because beneath that demure exterior lies a hot, horny body just waiting to have its cover blown.

"I love it when a man starts to chat me up and I can tell that he thinks I'm as pure as the driven snow. I bat my eyelashes at him and ask him back to my place as if his cock wouldn't melt in my mouth..." And? "And then I shag the living daylights out of him!"

Yes, we're sure that works every time, Michelle! Ⓜ

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

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NICOLA
PALIN

If DJs on Middlesbrough's TFM knew what Nicola Palin was doing during their late night shows, they'd have trouble mixing their singles. The lonely 22-year-old from Yarm spends most evenings squirming around on her bed alone, playing with herself as she fantasises to the music on the radio. "I just can't find the right fella," she moans in her soft Teesside accent, "so I dream about my ideal guy seducing me to Whitney Houston. But it does me more harm than good. By midnight I'm so hot and wet I can't think of anything but sex." What sort of man keeps her awake till all hours? "Smart suit, blonde hair and slim as a rake," she says immediately. "And very cultured — just like *Mayfair* readers!" So if you like snogging to Whitney Houston, this lady needs your help!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY MUNNS

QUEST

NAME: MRS J
AGE: 25
TOWN OF ORIGIN: LYONS
OTHER DETAILS: THIS MARRIED TRANSLATOR CURRENTLY LIVES IN FRANCE WITH HER HUSBAND, AN OIL COMPANY EXECUTIVE. THEY HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR FOUR YEARS, BUT SHE HAS RECENTLY DEVELOPED A CRUSH ON A FEMALE COLLEAGUE...

Quest: Is this the first crush you've had on a woman?

Mrs J: No, I've had them since I was a teenager. At first, I never took much notice of them, as I thought it was pretty usual for girls to have crushes on friends and teachers and that kind of thing. And besides, I had this image of lesbians as butch women with really short hair and wearing boiler suits. I always had lots of boyfriends too, so I just never took my feelings seriously.

I'm very feminine looking, with long blonde hair and a full figure, though a tiny waist. I've always liked wearing very girlish clothes; little flouncy skirts and lacy blouses and lots of frothy underwear. So I thought, really, I'd be about the last person in the world to even contemplate having lesbian sex.

But when I was 20, I became friends with a girl who was a friend of my older brother. She was two years older than me and we became very close and intimate friends within a very short space of time. She was gorgeous, with red hair and green eyes, and before I could stop myself, I found that I was fantasising about going to bed with her.

Quest: What form did your fantasies take?

Mrs J: I'm not sure I should tell you this... I'd picture us going for a long country walk on a hot day. I'd be wearing a white linen sundress, cut very tight and low across my generous boobs, my legs bare, no underwear at all. The sun would be shining so brightly that my nudity would be obvious, as the dress would go completely see-through. She'd be wearing something similar, but in red, always red.

Then I'd weave the fantasy further, imagining that we'd end up lying next to each other in the long grass, our fingers exploring each other's bodies through our thin dresses. Her lips would fasten around one of my hard nipples through the dress while her hand snaked up to push my skirt aside and fondle my pussy lips, spreading the love juice around until my whole bush was soaked. At the same time, she'd guide my fingers to her own crotch and we'd touch each other until we came.

Sometimes, in the same fantasy, someone would come along and catch us at it, or I'd have the feeling that we were being watched while we were fucking, but that would just add to my excitement. But I have to stress that this always remained just a fantasy. In the end, I cooled our friendship off myself, as I felt that (for an engaged woman, as I was then) we were getting too friendly, too close for comfort.

Quest: Your husband does not know of your bisexual leanings?

Mrs J: He's got no idea. In fact, he's quite a straitlaced person, and has no inkling that I'm being interviewed for a magazine like *Mayfair*! He'd certainly be shocked if he knew that I often find myself attracted to other women in a sexual way. I've often thought of broaching the subject, but I don't really know how.

Quest: What about your colleague, the woman you are currently fantasising about going to bed with?

"She runs her tongue over my hard nipples..."

Mrs J: Marie-Claude and I have to work very closely together, and I must say that the more I know her, the more attractive I find her. Sometimes it can be quite embarrassing: I'll be standing by her desk, and the way she'll move or say something will arouse me intolerably – to the point where I'll feel myself getting really wet between the legs and being able to smell the faint aroma of my own juices.

She's very attractive and chic in that particular way French women are, favouring rather formal looking suits for work, with her hair tied up in a severe bun. Whenever she's on my mind, I find myself fantasising about seducing her so thoroughly that she loses all that severity.

However, it's always she who does the chasing. I dream that we're away at a conference, staying in a château in a beautiful part of France. I'm in my bedroom and there's a knock at the door. I go to open it and find Marie-Claude hovering in the hallway. She's dressed completely differently: tonight, she's wearing a really beautiful peach silk dressing-gown. I can see from the way her legs are bare and her stiffened nipples are poking through the dressing gown, that she's aroused.

I've just got out of the shower myself, and so I'm just wrapped in a big, fluffy towel. My whole body is gleaming and I can feel myself flushing all over as I find I'm getting turned on too, just from Marie-Claude's presence. That's when she shocks me by admitting that she's been playing with herself and thinking about me.

She starts going into great detail. "I've been wanting to push up your skirt around your waist and fuck you with my tongue," she tells me. "I want to feel your pussy on my mouth and taste you on my tongue."

I'm in shock by then, so I can't speak. I just sit down on the bed and let Marie-Claude pull the towel off my body, exposing my boobs to her gaze. She runs her tongue over one nipple at a time and her hands work their way down to my pussy, matching the movements of her tongue as she slips a couple of fingers inside me. She brings her fingers out and licks the tips of them, tasting my juice. She smiles and returns her fingers to her work. She dips them into me again and then brings them up to tease my clitoris, tickling the sensitive spot at its tip. I can feel myself about to come just from that, and when she kneels down in front of me and goes down on me, licking where her fingers have just been, eating my pussy quite ferociously, I can't stop myself from climaxing. Her fingers are inside me again, feeling the pulsations that my orgasm have caused but her mouth doesn't stop for an instant. She hardens her tongue into a point and plays with my clit, striking up a strong rhythm with her pumping fingers. Breathlessly I come again, moaning loudly. I don't normally come so quickly, but with Marie-Claude I can't stop myself.

When I'm alone in the house I often sit and dream about Marie-Claude. I've always come at least twice by this time but if I take the fantasy further, it gets to the point where she lets me taste her pussy, holding her love lips open to show me exactly where to put my tongue and give her the pleasure that she has given me.

Quest: That's quite an elaborate fantasy. Is your colleague aware of your feelings towards her?

Mrs J: I don't think so, but I can't be certain. I'm sure I'll never act on them myself (I'm too much of a coward), but if Marie-Claude were to make any sexual overtures towards me, then who knows?

Team Informatio

works. "I got really horny!" Sandy admitted. "There was something so deliciously naughty about behaving like a tart in the place where you're normally on your best behaviour. I'm sorry I didn't let the lads watch now!" Even though he was banished for the afternoon, Barry still has a great momento from the day. "Afterwards I found her g-string under her desk!" he claimed. "I decided to keep it in my bottom drawer to remind me what a sexy secretary I have!" Ⓜ